

## A Temporary Solution

### Chapter Eighteen

Commission – March 2021

I'm not the most emotional guy, to be frank. When people say things like "I was so shocked, my heart *literally* stopped," I'm the skeptic who will likely as not make some wisecrack about needing a medic. Sure, emotions are real and they matter. It's just that, personally, they don't usually get in my way.

Well, usually. But I can't deny that something flip-flopped deep in the pit of my stomach just a few minutes ago. You know, when I opened the front door and found my visibly inebriated friend begging through tears for me – his Daddy – to help him.

Damn, I've missed Devin. I've missed my little boy... in ways I don't quite even understand.

He's clearly upset. But he also happens to be drunk as a skunk right now, that's obvious enough. I'm pretty sure he's not going to remember much, if anything, of what's going on as I haul him in and tug off his shoes and wipe the snot from his tear-streaked face. It's that awareness that helps break any ice there might have been between us, and which gives me the confidence to wade right in and lend a helping hand.

After all, in this state, poor Devin isn't fit to do anything but lie in bed and sleep it off. With the aid of an extra-thick diaper, if I know anything. Because holy hell, judging by the bulge I'm seeing between his legs, the one he's wearing right now is swollen and fit to burst.

"Aww, does little Devin need a change?" I ask, as my inner daddy dom urge surges to the fore and I find myself falling right back into the groove of our old relationship. "Little Devin's got a super soggy diaper tonight, doesn't he?" His tears have largely subsided now, and he's nodding and mumbling vaguely – something about production reports and gold stars, I think...

"Well, okay then!" I continue, pretending that he answered my unnecessary rhetorical question in the affirmative. "Here, baby. Let's get you all cleaned up and ready for bed. It's past your bedtime, after all..." Bedtime. Oof, that brings a flood of memories back: not only of his old bed that is no longer in his old room, but of my own bedtime. The nights I have spent with Clair – and the one I was already preparing to spend by messaging her as I fell asleep...

This is getting messy, isn't it? Me, and Clair, and Devin – we're all going through life in our own

orbits, and yet we keep on intersecting and disturbing one another in such chaotic ways. Here I've been thinking I've moved on from Devin – that he's found his way back out into the world, and that he wants to be away from me. That's why I've moved on as best I can. I've found Clair, and we've started... well, dating. Among other things.

Yet she and Devin are... close? I guess? After all, she did say she was taking care of him and helping him transition back from diapers at work and everything. But he's turned up here tonight, of all things? And in a soaking-wet diaper?

Perhaps it's wrong of me – nothing more than ugly jealousy – but I can't help wondering if the only reason he showed up here tonight is because Clair's out of town. Because his number one pick is unavailable.

Enough of the sad introspective bullshit, I tell myself, as I guide my drunken friend along a tipsy path to my bedroom. Devin needs help, and that's that. We'll sort it all out later. The main thing right now is... well, stripping him down and getting him into a clean diaper.

"Now, baby, you lay right down on Daddy Scott's bed, okay? I'm gonna go find you a fresh diaper. I'll be right back, I promise!" *Assuming I can find one. Wait, where the hell did I stuff those MegaMaxes? The pink ones I got as a sample and forgot to ever use...?*

I find them eventually, stuffed into a bottom drawer behind some cuffs and plugs. And it's not long until I'm back at his side, unfurling the girly pink padding and gently untangling his uncoordinated limbs from his clothes. "Here, baby, you need to just hold still and let Daddy Scott undress you. Come on, nice and still..."

Perhaps it's for the best that he'll forget all of this tomorrow. Because the plaintive bleats and moans that escape him as I peel open his sodden diaper and begin wiping down his nether regions are... well, frankly sexual. Unashamedly so. And the swelling length of his little shaft that slips through my hands and within the baby wipe reminds me that my caged little subby baby is far from caged now – and loving every minute of it.

"No, baby," I reply to his guttural moans and thrusting hips. He's drunk, and there's no possible way he can consent to anything tonight. "Shh. Good babies stay still and quiet during their diaper changes..." And closed goes the pink padding around his erection, as he lets out a final lascivious moan. "Up, baby. Time for your PJs!"

And not fifteen minutes later, my old friend Devin is lying fast asleep in my own bed, snoring gently, wearing nothing but his fresh pink diaper and an old college T-shirt of mine that fit him like a nightgown. He's out... and now it's time for me to clear my head and get a second opinion.

From Clair, of course. Because even though it pains me to admit it, I know that if there's one person in the world who might know what Devin needs, it's her. And so my fingers start flitting across my phone screen, typing out precisely the sort of message a dad might text to his wife when their toddler is being a brat...

\*\*\*

"Good morning, sunshine!" Clair's sweet enthusiasm cuts through the quiet bedroom, her voice beaming out from my tablet as I hold it above my tousled companion. He's lying there among the sheets like the most adorable baby in the world: legs spread, nightshirt hiked up past his waist, and with his pink diaper, swollen with nighttime accidents, on display for all to see. "Aww, is that Devin there? And in such a cute pink diaper too! Hey, honey... How are you feeling this morning?"

A muffled groan escapes him, and I reach over and pat his shoulder in good-natured consolation. "Hangovers are a real bitch," I sympathize, as he presses his face into the pillow in obvious pain. "You really shouldn't drink so much at a time, Devin..." "That's right!" Clair agrees, and she leans closer to the camera in obvious earnestness. "What were you doing out so late last night, anyway? And drinking, no less?"

"I wasn't feeling very good," Devin murmurs from the pillows, his voice muffled with shame. "I-I..." And then Clair's voice comes, warm and strong and caring in the silence. "Honey, it's okay. You can tell me. Something's bothering you, isn't it?"

Oh, there is. Out it tumbles at last, as he sits up in the early morning light and the fresh toast I've brought for the two of us grows cold on our plates. Devin confesses, through blushes and sighs and choked-back tears, how he's been trying to potty-train. How ever since Clair went on vacation he's been failing more and more, how he's a good-for-nothing dumb baby, how he's going to be stuck in diapers for the rest of his life and people will hate him and he's nothing but a stupid loser-

"Whoa, baby, hold on," Clair interjects at last, when he pauses for a shuddering breath. "Hold on just a bit, baby. You're not a loser, and you're not dumb. Believe me, honey, I know." Her voice is as strong and reassuring as my arm around his shoulders, and I suddenly begin to understand why Devin has become so close with her. She's so... caring. Sympathetic. Reassuring.

"You're also not feeling well, baby," she continues, and Devin nods in rueful, pained acquiescence. "You must have a splitting headache, and you were already feeling bad before. Baby, listen: it's Friday. You haven't taken a single sick day since starting with us, okay? Take today off – I'm ordering you to, as both your boss and your friend. Stay there, safe and sound with Daddy Scott. Scott, you can take care of him, right?"

"Of course," I return, with a hasty internal review of my day's plans. *Just that one meeting, which I can reschedule-* "Of course I can! He can hang here and chill with me, don't you worry..." "Hear that, baby?" Clair queries, and Devin nods in silent but evident relief. "Stay there and let Daddy Scott take care of you. No work, no worrying – and most importantly, no more potty-training. Just a day off, baby. Sleep and relax, okay? I promise, by tomorrow you'll be feeling *so* much better..."

And so we end it. Clair is headed back home tomorrow anyway, she says. Vacation's over, and she's headed home, and she'll come by my place on Saturday to check in and work things out. In the meantime, I'll take a quick hike over to Devin's apartment and fetch just a few things to keep him comfy. You know, for a couple more diapers. And maybe his paci. And his bottle... just to keep him hydrated.

It's as I'm tucking Devin onto the couch – now fed, and freshly changed, and whimpering in quiet gratitude – that I feel that sudden rush of love and belonging, familiar and yet stronger than I've ever felt before. This feels so unbelievably right. Devin's back, and I'm here beside him, taking care of my little boy once again. Clair isn't going to separate us, I realize. Quite the contrary. I don't exactly know what we'll end up working out, of course. But the three of us are drawing closer together than ever before... and something tells me that it's all going to turn out just fine.

Now, then. Off to go get my little boy some fresh diapers!